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THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
WEDNESDAY
VOLUME II
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MAY 8, 1929 FIVE CENTS

A NEW PRINCIPAL FOR MONTEREY HIGH SCHOOL

H. J. Graves, present principal of the Monterey High School, has tendered his resignation of that office. At the meeting of the High School Board last Saturday the present vice-principal, Moorehead, was elected to fill his place.

It was upon the understanding that Graves would offer his resignation that forces otherwise tending to oppose him, were quiet at the time of the recent school board election, instead of raising issues actively. Mr. Graves, however, still holds until June 1930 the superintendency of the school district; and was again, at the Saturday meeting, elected clerk of the High School Board.

POSTMASTERSHIP VACANT

For fifteen years postmaster and assistant postmaster, respectively, of Carmel, Miss Stella Vincent and Miss Jeanette Parkes now announce their resignation.

New candidate for the position is W. L. Overstreet, owner of the Pine Cone Press and former editor of the "Pine Cone;" chairman of the Community Chest, and active in work of the Boy Scouts, the Masons, the Red Cross, and the Republican party.

DR. H. W. FENNER

The death of Dr. H. W. Fenner occurred at his home in Carmel last Friday afternoon following a long illness.

A physician of distinction and success, he made far-reaching studies of the problems of tuberculosis, practicing for forty-five years in Arizona, first in the pioneer town of Bisbee; and later as a leader in his profession, consulting specialist for the Southern Pacific, in Tuscon.

Forty years ago he married Ida Hemme of San Francisco. They retired to a home in Carmel in 1923, where Dr. Fenner lived until death overtook him, the quiet life of one who loves his garden and his friends.

TOWARD THE BIG SUR from a photograph by Edward Weston

LAND AND WAVE

by Helen Hoyt

The rock cries, "Earth shall not recede;"
The wave is broken by the rock.—
Shock of the insolent, defiant water
And the proud cliff's retaliative shock!

The rock cries, "Earth shall not recede;"
Only to the shore's edge does the sea own."
Dynamic strength of rushing water,
Truculent strength of sand and stone.

"The sea shall take what the sea will:
The whole world shall my waves consume!"
Cries the wild sea, with fangs uplifted;
"Naught shall escape the sea's doom."

Unyielding the rock listens, and the flinching sand
Hears the loud billows threatening utter wrack;
They lift, they are poised, they tower and arch over,
They sigh, relapse, sink, then slowly fall back...

Forever the rock refuses, the tide insists—
The curled surf teasing, beseeching at the crag's feet;
Ever the wave taunts and accuses; ever the rock resists;
Ever the rock withers and the shrunk tides retreat.

MUSIC AND THE PLATONIC IDEA

Plato, Cezanne, Pater . . Bach, Beethoven, and now . . . Richard Buhlig, pianist and intellectual, last Friday evening at the Theatre of the Golden Bough, interpreted the attempt of music as the quintessential art to reach, through three centuries of history, an utterance of ultimate reality.

Through Bach and Beethoven he traced this attempt,—Bach working with almost pure objectivity; Beethoven working oppositely in the nineteenth century with its emphasis upon the subject, the ego speaking dynamically and singly and centrally. Bach objective, contrapuntal, the form pure, the music horizontal; Beethoven subjective, the expression personal, the democratic flow of equal voices superceded by a perpendicular chordal arrangement.

Yet the utterance of the Platonic "idea," the ultimate real, the Ding-an-Sich, is what the music of the great has reached after, through Bach and Beethoven to the moderns. Out of time, and only in space, said Buhlig, it is as of another world.

Cezanne was concerned with the transfusing of the content into form so that nothing but the form would remain. The subject matter is therefore irrelevant. All the arts share the attempt to become pure form in which there can be no content. The aesthetic experience is the experience by which one perceives reality.

Buhlig made a further significant point in the second major portion of his discussion. Whereas all the other arts are the expression of the idea, he said, music is the idea itself. Buhlig is well aware that music is only incidentally sound; sound the mere carrier of music. It is not about something; it is the thing itself.

It was a daring thing to present a discussion of such attentuations to a concert audience, to present a developed aesthetic philosophy to those who had perhaps come simply to hear, and thus to require them to think.

As a coda, Buhlig posited the idea that the personal reaction of the auditor to music, is irrelevant. Since the province of art is the reduction of content to the purest form, we may say of any work, "I like it," or "I don't like it." But this has nothing to do with it as a work of art. It is simply a man talking about himself.

After the lecture, there followed music itself. Bach, Partita in C minor. Crisp, clear, like hard pebbles of exquisite roundness of form . . . the counterpoint moving, asBuhlig had described earlier in the evening, "as the stars move in their courses."

Beethoven, the sonata opus 110, an intense expression of the heart of man in the nineteenth century. Buhlig plays such music as though he were the contempory of the composer. He records thus the history of the human spirit.

For his group of modern composers Buhlig chose Debussy, Scroabin, Chavez, Hindemith. Each a composition of superb vitality. The sonata of Chavez particularly a magnificence of brevity and significant form.

The evening was throughout keyed to a high pitch of intellectual intensity. The breadth of Richard Buhlig's musicianship is beyond the need of approval. Height, depth, perspective, maturity.

THE FLOWER SHOW FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

All baskets, roses for the Rose Contests, and flowers for the general mass effect of the Show, are to be brought to the Court of the El Paseo Building, 7th Street entrance, on Friday morning of this week as soon after eight o'clock as possible. No containers are necessary. Most flowers keep better if they are picked the night before and allowed to stand in water until the next morning.

The Show will open from 1:00 to 10:00 P. M. Friday and from 9:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M. Saturday. The public is invited.

A great many people are watching their roses hoping for choice blooms to put in the Rose Contests; there will be 28 entries in the Basket Arrangement Contest; and flowers have been promised from all over the Peninsula.

"PORGY"

The Carmel Theater Guild announces a dramatic reading, next Tuesday evening the fourteenth, in the Guild Rooms, Seven Arts Building. Mrs. Phil K. Gordon will read the play "Porgy," a New York Theater Guild drama by Dorothy and Du Bose Hayward.

THE CARMELITE

CALENDAR

May

We. 8 **Recital** by Max Panteleieff, baritone, and Harold Griffin, pianist, Greene Studio, 8:30.

Th. 9 **Imre Weisshaus,** class in Appreciation of Contemporary Music, Dickinson residence. **Opening night,** Abalone League comedy, "So This is London." Cyril Delevanti directing

Fr. 10 **Flower Show,** El Paseo Building

Sa. 11 **"So This Is London"**

Lecture by Mrs. J. V. Cannon, Community Church 8:00. Subject, **"Egypt." Auspices** Carmel Art Association.

Su. 12 **Divine Services,** All Saint's Chapel, Community Church, Christian Science at 11:00 a. m. Carmel Mission at 10:00 a. m.

Abalone League Baseball in Carmel Woods, at 1:30 and 3:00.

Mo. 13 **Imre Weishauss** class.

Tu. 14 **Sunset School Bonds.** Vote at Sunset School all day.

Dramatic Reading of the play "Porgy," by Mrs. Phil K. Gordon. Theater Guild rooms, Seven Arts Building.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB CALENDAR

May 10—Flower Show. The Court of El Paseo.
May 16—Meeting place to be announced later.
Book Section—May 8 and 22, at 10:30 A. M. residence of Mrs. Sevilla H. Ford, 11th. and Junipero.

YOUTH AND PEACE

Barbara Calley spoke at last Sunday's meeting of the Women's International League at Helen Deusner's, on "Youth and Peace," discussing the part which the youth of the world plays in the movement toward the establishment of permanent international peace.

There are two chief phases of such work, —the work of elders with youth, and the work initiated by the younger generation itself.

Educators and organizations of educators in general approve the international and pacific attitude. Business interests have sometimes opposed their passing these on to students.

But youth itself has its own opinions. Student tours abroad; the organization of many international student organizations, with their conferences for the exchange of friendship and of ideas; the Cosmopolitan Clubs in American universities; the International Confederation of Students and the recent World Youth Peace Conference,—all of these mass themselves to a movement of impressive volume.

I have seen the dreams of the people and not dreamed them... What fills men's mouths is nothing; . . . I have fallen in love outward. —Robinson Jeffers.

PANTELEIEFF AND GRIFFIN TONIGHT, WEDNESDAY

French, German, and Russian songs, form the basis of Mas Panteleiff's program for the recital he is giving tonight, Wednesday the eighth, jointly with Harold Griffin, pianist at the Greene Studio.

Mr. Panteleieff has many warm friends in Carmel. They will be glad of the opportunity to hear his robust voice before his impending departure to meet musical engagements in the east.

Harold Griffin's is a new name, however. This is an able young pianist of high potentialities. Hand, physique, emotional warmth, and a fine balanced personality, provide for him a sum of elements basic to a future of promise.

We are sorry not to have Mr. Panteleieff's program at hand.

Mr. Griffin will be heard in the Chaconne of Bach; a Rhapsody of Brahms; in music of Debussy; and the Liebestod from Tristan.

Concerning the singing of Max Panteleieff, the "Courier" of Berkeley says:

"Panteleieff is a truly great singer—make no mistake about that. His voice is powerful, beautifully placed and directed in attack: one felt that he had almost no vocal limitations, that he could rise to anything. In addition, he has a rare imagination; not in years have we heard a singer so capable of creating a mood and with such seeming ease."

Again, they say: "Listening to the superb voice of Max Panteleieff we were impressed again not only with the magnificent quality of his voice, but also by the dominant personality of the man. It made us wonder what that quality is that is so glibly called personality, and that seems to be so pathetically rare in singers. Certainly it appears to lie entirely apart from such consideration as a stage manner and singing method. Like personable physical features it seems to be a sort of gift fortuitously received from providence. Either a singer has personality or he has not. And Max Panteleieff has it—very decidedly.

"Another and equally subtle quality that one feels about Panteleieff is his reserve. Always the man seems to lift himself above and to dominate his own voice. One never senses that he loses his personal identity in his music standing easily rather that he is always standing easily aside, quietly, modestly, but very positively soverign over his art."

BULLETIN BOARD ON WHEELS

The Carmel Woman's Club on Monday afternoon of this week elected five new officers:

Mrs. Rolf M. Eskil, third vice-president
Mrs. Estelle Taylor, re-elected corresponding secretary
As directors-at-large:
Mrs. J. F. Tennis
Miss Ruth Huntingdon
Mrs. Calvert Meade

Committee chairmen made interesting reports of the work of all sections of the club.

The Bulletin Board, in the matter of whose design and purchase the Woman's Club has cooperated with the Library Board, caused a flurry. Some like it. Some do not. It is now in the library basement, awaiting a time when its carven beauties will be more keenly appreciated.

AND AGAIN AFTERWARDS

After the Buhlig recital, there was a scraping of gears along the winding way up to the studio on Dolores Street. Hazel Watrous and Dene Denny at home to Carmel in honor of a distinguished pianist.

The discussion continued from the point at which it had left off at the Golden Bough. A knot of listeners gathered about the pianist, and the Platonic idea further developed.

Buhlig scintillates almost visible sparks. The air crackles with heady charge. On the side lines Stanley Wood in one corner; Lincoln Steffens discussing with grave gayety in another; Una Jeffers like a lily, pre-Raphaelite; Madame G. E. Scheyer in a gown of cloth-of-gold and a sweeping train; Harold Griffin, young pianist, quoting Clive Bell on significant form; Dene Denny, her beauty flawless as a cameo; Dr. Mahr of Stanford improvising flippant poems.

It was two before the last car wound back down the road, and the remaining guests, —Buhlig and a flock of younger pianists and artists who had driven down from San Francisco for the recital,—adjourned the party until breakfast.

At eight of the morning they were gone, Buhlig to give another recital in San Francisco at two-thirty. And the studio having been again returned to the cool clear order which distinguishes it, Dene Denny resumed her seat at the Steinway, to continue her arduous preparation for the recital she herself is to give in Los Angeles next week.

NEW SOCIETY IN CARMEL

An important new organization announces its formation in this community.
It is called "The We Won't Go Anywhere Alliance."
Presidency: Vacant.
No dues.
No meetings.
No program.
Just nothing.
Blissful nothing, and all the time in the world to keep doing it in. We won't go to any concerts, classes, meetings, lectures, conferences, luncheons, teas, dinners, or even breakfasts. Not even plays.
There will be no charter members, because of having no charter.
Nor by-law committee-meetings, because no by-laws.
Just heaven on earth.

Personal Bits . . .

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dickinson having become landed proprietors to the extent of having bought a whole monastery on Carmel Point, we shall anticipate changes.

Will Harry Dickinson come swinging down Ocean Avenue next in robe and cassock; or does perchance the possession of a monastery entitle him to the name of Bishop? By way of greeting then the former, "Hullo, Harry," will now possibly be a subdued, "Yes, your reverence."

Up from the south, from Los Angeles, motored for the Buhlig recital, Winifred Hooke, herself a pianist of note. He is distinctly a pianist's pianist, Buhlig.

Marguerite Schuyler and Harrison Williams will come up from Los Angeles for the recital in the Golden Bough of Fred Scott.

Mrs. Pauline G. Schindler is spending several days in San Francisco this week. While there she will visit the Woolworth stores and doubtless make several appropriate purchases. (not an advt.)

(P. S. Bill Miles, who is no longer in Carmel and who left without bidding us farewell so that we feel peculiarily free to tell any little ancedotes concerning him, once said to us, "I wish I owned a newspaper, so that I could put my name in it and become socially prominent.")

Dr. Wilson T. Davidson is in Coronado, for the convention of the State Medical Association, which meets there on the eighth and ninth.

Dene Denny will play, early in May, in Los Angeles, a recital of modern piano music,—works of Ernest Bloch, Kodaly, Bartok, Hindemith, Honegger, Schoenberg, Weisshaus, Stravinsky.

IMMORTAL DENTISTRY

"I have always admired your stories," said Attorney Ryker to Gouverneur Morris the other day in Monterey. "But the one I liked best was one of the South Seas, in which the hero makes the trip all the way back to the Monterey peninsula to have his tooth pulled by his own dentist."

The author chuckled a bit, reminiscent.

"But what I always wondered, nights when I couldn't sleep," the judge went on, "was, who that dentist was."

"That? Why that was our own Doc Brownell," chortled the author.

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The Theater

"SO THIS IS LONDON"

Arthur Goodrich's comedy, which opens on Thursday of this week at the Carmel Playhouse, deals with the experience of an American of the Big Business type, in Great Britain. Opposed to him is Sir Percy Beauchamp, an exponent of the game of Big Business as it is played in England. The opposing views of civilization, morality, and drawing-room conversation supply three acts of delicious comedy.

Eric Wilkinson plays Sir Percy,—his last appearance before Mr. Wilkinson leaves for Tahiti and France. His picture of the irritable and insular Englishman, distrustful of all Americans, is excruciatingly funny. Hiram Draper, the American, ably played by George Schmitz, shows an equal antipathy and distrust for the British. This situation is complicated by the interplay of the loves of the younger generation, which ignores international boundaries in the stress of the biological urge. Cyril Delevanti has got together an excellent cast for this play. It includes also Louise Walcott, Molly Perez, Kitty Delevanti, Dick Collins, Genevieve Morse Hay, and Charley Frost.

POTEMKIN

Smallest theater in the world to instal Talkies, the Golden Bough advances its glories another notch this week.

For those who value their evenings, and never go to the movies, there is an exception to be made on the fourteenth and fifteenth of the month. "Potemkin" is to be shown at the Golden Bough. The superlatives of the language having been used up by publicity departments of the moving picture industry, to write that this is the greatest picture ever made will be to say just nothing at all.

"Who said so?" comes the immediate retort.

Among others, Henry Cowell, Richard Buhlig, Madame Scheyer, Hazel Watrous, Imre Weisshaus, Dene Denny . . . voice the statement that "Potemkin" is a picture of high artistic value, photographically and compositionally. It hapens also to be concerned with revolutionary Russia, where it was made, and was for some time suppressed in this country. Using a medium which depravity and prostitution are habitual, it is nevertheless to be ranked a great work of art.

ANOTHER TOWN IN A FORSET

Visiting in Carmel this week, at the Seymour house on the Point, have been Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Rieser of Ravinia, Illinois.

In many respects the little town of Ravinia parallels Carmel. Both are small residence communities set in the woods, —one near an ocean, the other beside a great lake,—Michigan. In both the wild growing life is respected and guarded. There the ravines hold orchids, ladyslippers, and violets.

Ravinia is twenty-three miles from Chicago but it has a distinct cultural beauty of its own. Because of its natural beauty, painters, literary folk, and people of high type, choose it as a living-place. On either side of it on the North Shore are smooth suburban communities with their well-clipped hedges, and the sound of the lawnmower heard levelling the very leaf-blades to standard heights. But in Ravinia, as in Carmel, pretension and standardization are avoided.

As Mr. and Mrs. Rieser discussed with us in Carmel the characteristics of their little town, we, having known it a dozen years ago, found ourselves in astonishment not at the similaritites, but at the differences in two of such identical elements.

Here in Carmel our leisure energies demand opportunity for personal self-expression through some artistic medium. Playhouse and theater guild provide us with stages upon which we fulfill this need of ours.

Bert Heron will not mind being used as an example. He is a man who needs to play a heroic part. He must be king, somewhere. Since real life imposes definite limitations upon him in this respect, he is forced into the field of fantasy. He takes to the stage. His deeply-rooted inner necessity dictates to him that he shall promote out-of-door-theaters, in which he can play Hamlet and Romeo, or theater guilds in which he may again take the part of the great lover or the king.

But in Ravinia these very same energies have found an entirely different channel, —and there artists, architects, and the very best minds of the community have directed their creative forces upon one object,—the school. The Ravinia School has therefore become a communal work of art, not merely as a building (Why even California has impressive school buildings) but as a place of very real and habitual culture. These people care so very much, who and what their teachers are. They do not merely elect a half dozen politicians to a school board and then forget the school except as a big hole in the day into which the children disappear every morning at nine. They themselves, almost as a community,—a group of sufficiently like-minded to agree that they want a superlative thing and to work together toward it, select their teachers and maintain an intimate personal relation to the school, until the school and home and community are delightfully interwoven.

These relationships, unforced. Mothers and fathers walk into the school as into their own living rooms; and there is no more displacement than at home. Parents teachers, and children occasionlly take a meal together or "go off on a bat." Work is so arranged that the teachers, instead of being tired and without energy at the end of the school day, have enough left to enter into the personal and cultural life of the town as human beings also.

What is the result? A generation of extraordinarily happy and spiritually vital children has grown up in this little town and it begins to be known widely as a community which really lives with its children.

A SINGER

Fred Leedom Scott, tenor, who will be heard in recital on Sunday evening the nineteenth at three-thirty, has been heard before in Carmel, privately. This was last year, before a discriminating audience which heard him with very great pleasure.

Scott is a young singer, with a magnificent voice, rich imagination, and great artistic intensity.

His negro spirituals, his folk songs and ballads, as also the heavier music, were memorable in their beauty.

It will be good to hear Fred Scott sing with all the acoustic advantages of the Golden Bough, in a hall worthy of so rich, and so moving, a voice.

FOR THE HOSPITAL

The generosity of Mrs. Grace Velie Harris, made evident by her will as disclosed last week in Los Angeles, insures a financially comfortable future for the Carmel Hospital as well as for the metabolic clinic still under construction in Hatton Fields.

The usefulness of the Carmel Hospital has been much hampered by its lack of x-ray facilities. These, and much more, possibly even a separate maternity building, will be made possible by the beneficence of Mrs. Harris.

A year's interval must however elapse before the funds bequeathed are available.

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—So writes JAMES D. PHELAN, ex-Senator of the United States, in the April issue of
The San Franciscan.

Other outstanding contributors to the current issue include

Peter B. Kyne

Charles Caldwell Dobie

Elva Williams

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VISIT YOUR SCHOOL THIS WEEK

The Sunset School invites the community of Carmel to become a part of Public School Week, as visitors to its sessions on the days from May thirteenth to the seventeenth. Special preparations have been made by the children, but typical work will be shown in each class, the regular activities being conducted in every grade. Exhibits will be set up in the classrooms on the day assigned for especial focus on each; later to be taken down and hung in the assembly room.

The week's program follows:

Monday. Emphasis on physical education activities in all classes.
Tuesday. Visit grades Seven and Eight.
Wednesday. Grades Four, Five and Six.
Thursday. Grades Two and Three.
Friday. Kindergarten and First Grade.

In each grade there will be a period of the day appointed for the unit or project work.

On Friday afternoon there will be an out-of-door assembly on the lower play field. Mr. Bardarson, the principal of the school, will give a short talk on educational policies of the school. The Seventh grade will present a pageant on The Progress of Civilization, written and worked out by the children themselves. The California State Drama Teachers' Association recently offered prizes for the best pageants written respectively by a college, a high school, a junior high school. The children of the Seventh Grade of the Sunset School won first prize in the junior high school division.

Dances and music have been chosen to bring out the spirit of each era as the pageant illustrates it.

Booklets, sand table exhibits, a modest reproduction of the city of Carmel in miniature, a circus-tent with animal cut-outs made by the children, a doll-house . . these and many more will furnish visible evidence of the significant activities current in the Sunset School of Carmel.

SEQUOIA GIGANTEA

I placed my hand upon its riven side
And felt the centuries. About its straight
And massy bulk the pageantry, the pride
Of Time is limned in huge relief; the fate
Of worlds is known to its farflaunting height.
A sapling tall and gaunt it grew e'er man
First dreamed of freedom and the stifling ban
Of slavery burst with grand, prophetic, fight.
A giant tree, deep rooted, did it stand
When Homer dreamed. Its farflung, piercing crest.
Saw calm Pacific gleaming in the west
An age before Balboa trod its strand.
And now, huge, green still reaching for the light,
The ages sleep in its majestic height!

—Daniel Cummins Lockwood.

HAROLD GRIFFIN

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FIELD DAY AT DOUGLAS SCHOOL

It was a day of altogether picturesque charm. Perfectly chosen as to weather, it gave off a peculiar glory of its own. And then besides there were the four or five miles of magnificent approach to the school set in the forest of Pebble Beach. It was like the winding road to a great English estate. One felt proud to travel in the privacy of this possessed beauty. One felt distinguished merely to have been invited to the fete.

Against the background of the luxuriously-built school, the youngsters of the Douglas School made excellent decoration. Dark blue sweaters and dark blue skirts or short trousers,—a uniform which instead of reducing them all to a standard type, allows the personalities of the children to show themselves all the more clearly.

First came the set-ups. A brisk military drill, the brief five-year-olds ranked in line with the thirteen-year-olds out on the tennis court. Flag-raising and a military salute. Dick Collins directing.

Then games. A whole schoolful of youngsters racing one another to see who can dress and undress first,—shoes and stockings, coats and sweaters; and at a speed which astounds watching parents who have gone through daily agonies of persuasion.

Archery. A beautiful sport. The body takes a magnificent posture as it fits the bow to the arrow and takes its aim. Jean Hobbs aimed her arrow well; hers was the silver cup. (The editor of the Carmelite hereby also tells the world the editorial small son won a red ribbon in this contest and states that archery is what he likes best in the whole school.)

After luncheon the Gymkhana,—a display of horsemanship. At the paddock, a mounted platform, chairs, official judges, and a border of admiring parents in cars parked in the flower-rich field. A sudden silence as there approaches in the dignity of careful horsemanship a mounted procession.

Mary Jane Ford, Boice Richardson, Barry Flanders, Virginia and Billy Wheeler, Betty Barker, Martin Flavin, Priscilla Tomlinson, Whitman and Jean Hobbs, Louise Parke, Jane Tunison, Flavia Flavin.

Solemn joy of each youngster, occasionally corrugated by a flicker of anxiety, as each is called upon to show his paces before the judges,—to canter, wheel, or back. Billy is riding Smoky as he hoped; and Ice Cream, the white horse, is as snowy as though he had been washed in Lux.

Jean Hobbs again comes off with honors and a cup. Fortunately, the sort of girl difficult to spoil. But all have ridden well,—even the little ones. The spectators ache a little for those to whom the cup has not fallen. They have shown such form; their backs so sturdy, their horses so excellently controlled.

A good day, all of it. The school is proud. It will produce good sportsmen and women, good players of games upon gracious fairways.

Final ratings:

Archery:

Jean Hobbs, silver cup.
Mark Schindler, second place.
Jane Pitou, third
Flavia Flavin and
Louise Parke, tied for fourth
Patsy Ford, sixth

Gymkhana, horsemanship:

Jean Hobbs, silver cup
Jane Tunison and
Flavia Flavin, tie for second
Virginia Wheeler, fourth

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL - BY - THE - SEA
CALIFORNIA

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SUNSET SCHOOL BOND ISSUE

On May Fourteenth the registered citizens of the Sunset School District will be asked to vote on a $35,000.00 bond issue presented by the Board of Trustees. The items asked for in this bond issue are vital not only to the growth of the school but to the well-being of the children. As a growing and progressive-minded community we are not justified in retaining our first grade pupils in an obsolete, inadequate, and condemned building. This building should be replaced by a modern building suited to the needs of first and second grade children. The Manual Arts building does not supply adequate space for proper use. The cafeteria must be enlarged to take care of the increasing number of children who live too far from home to return for a hot lunch or who are requested to remain at school during the noon hour because of traffic hazards. The additional ground can now be purchased at a reasonable price.

The items represent essential needs. To vote against this bond issue will mean retrogression for the Sunset School. Investment in a good school is the wisest investment a community can make, whether you consider it from the human or from the material angle.

THE TOWN KEPT GROWING

We shall have to put a brick on the small boy's head to keep him from growing. The Leidig Building arriving at completion, we witness the laying low of trees on the lot next the Seven Arts Building on Lincoln, preparatory to the erection of a new building there for Mrs. Lucille Kiester. There will be two shops and two upper apartments, with steam heat. Guy Koepp is the architect.

LEGAL ADVERTISING IN CARMEL

Published reports within recent weeks have acquainted the public with the fact that the question of legal advertising in Carmel is in dispute. For the information of those who may have occasion to insert legal notifications, The Carmelite desires to summarize the position.

The present situation arises from The Carmelite's application to be granted the municipal advertising of Carmel, to which it alone is legally entitled, it being the only publication in Carmel which fully meets statutory requirements. It is stipplated by law that to qualify as a medium for legal advertising a newspaper must have been printed and published in the city of publication for a period of one year, and secondly, that it must be a newspaper of general circulation. The Carmelite being now in its second year of publication and having been printed as well as published continuously at Carmel, there could be no question of its qualifications on the first point of law—a stipulation with which its contemporary does not comply. The Carmelite's application was temporarily blocked, however, by a technical objection that it was not "a newspaper of general circulation." This point was made the issue of a petition to the Superior Court of Monterey County and in a decison rendered on April 25 it was held that "The Carmelite is a newspaper of general circulation" within the meaning of the law. It follows, therefore, that The Carmelite is the only newspaper in Carmel in which legal notifications may be published without the risk of having such notifications declared null and void.

WHY LOWER CASE?

We too once looked down upon the use of print altogether without capital letters as an affectation of people who wanted to be 'arty' or 'different,' a trick of advertising.

Nowadays we see a point in the usage. And because The Carmelite receives an occasional protest because of articles printed completely in lower case (no capitals) or with signatures in lower case, we beg to be allowed to explain.

1. Greater ease in typewriting; speed: We discover that we can operate the typewriter far more conveniently and quickly when we do not have to shift from the lower case to caps, lifting the whole moveable mechanism. We therefore, for our own private use, write entirely in lower case. For us there is no point whatever in the decorative capital any more.
2. Democratic modernism resents the symbol of grandeur and authority in the capital letter. It is a left-over from the age of titles and epaulets. As our age is departing from all such flourishes. The capital letter is an anachronistic symbol.
3. In the matter of signatures to articles, we are almost tempted sometimes to follow a magazine in the east which leaves all articles unsigned. The ego unimportant; form and content the main thing.

Yet there is often a richness added when we know who the author is. We hear his voice as we read. If we happen to know his mind and his personality, we catch the response of the implied overtones.

The Carmelite therefore adds his initials, or his name, unimportantly down there at the bottom,—not to advertise him, but to enrich the reading. We keep the page quiet with lower case,—no egos prancing and jumping about up and down the columns. Lower case the symbol of impersonality.

Correspondence

Dear Editor,

I would like to call your attention to a minor error in your May Day article. You said "Bees ecstatic among the color." Now if bees wasted their time being ecstatic there wouldn't be much honey. The only ecstasy a bee permits herself, if any, is the sort of quiet satisfaction she experiences as she seals up a cell and observes with an eye for mathematical precision, so much work well done.

Have you ever quietly watched a bee plunder a larkspur? There is no sentiment about it, I assure you. She robs that flower as neatly as any honest burglar robs a bank. She is just as oblivious to beauty as the burglar is.

That she fertilizes the flower in exchange is not because she has any ideas about giving and receiving but because she is part of a great law extending beyond her actions.

No, is it not the bees who get flustered on May Day, but we humans who can find no other channel for renewed vitality than to let it run wild in ecstasies.

Long ago the bees learned what to do with this surge of Spring in the blood. We have not yet learned our lesson.

—Dora Hagemeyer

The bees are not ecstatic, Dora Hagemeyer? The earth innocent of joy, Dora Hagemeyer?

It is a vast issue. And neither of us can prove his point.

You have presented a purely mechanistic view,—you habitually and by temperament a mystic. And I, habitually a realist, forced against temperament to a mechanistic conviction, I allow myself here the

—from a wood block by Jessie Arms Botke

luxury of the mystical view. You have shocked me into the discovery that I have philosophic suspicions I could almost call actual beliefs.

I suspect, for instance, that the universe is conscious.

I suspect that even in the earth itself there is some kind of a dim awakeness, some kind of a one-dimensional consciousness. And in the spring particularly I am literally aware of its joy. I ride along a California valley brilliant with bloom, with a haze of fresh color like dew over the hillsides. And suddenly something says to me (I do not evoke this myself; it sounds more like a remark made by the universe to me) "This joy here is in the earth itself. It is in the hills and in the valley. It is merely your own."

We have gotten so frightfully clever in the twentieth century that we set aside the knowledge of that which the primitive had and call it anthropomorphic.

It seems to me that the chief difference between me and the hillside on this May day is, in respect of joy at least, that I am aware of my joy, while we are not quite sure that the hillside is. Mine finds a sort of verbalization in some specific spot of the cerebrum; whereas we know nothing of any nerve centers in other types of organic matter.

But what does that prove?

Why nothing. There may be modes of awareness (I suspect there are) which are brought about in ways entirely other than by the system of nerves and organs limited to the animal world. Do we suppose that merely because the human eye cannot see colors beyond ultra-violet, there are no colors potential to other powers of seeing? Or that there are no aspects of physical life beyond the perceptions of the present human organism which reports its universe so diligently?

You yourself, Dora Hagemeyer, do know that recent research in the Orient upon plant life has proved the existence in plants of something similiar to sensation, even to emotion. This is an extraordinarily important discovery.

Well, suppose there are modes of consciousness in plant life which it is beyond the power of the human organism to discover. Suppose the plant to be in some relation to reality which is less mediate than ours. The very harmony of the plants, the perfection of their achievement, would cause one to suspect a directer relation to their universe than ours.

Human beings seem to me to be more like step-children of the universe, or even orphans, who have to make their own way without much help, and certainly without a hint of what it is all about, while the plant world, and even relatively most of the animal world, seem to be nearer to the center. They seem to know naturally and without question what it is all about.

Your statement that the bee in the field of bloom, or the bee forming his hexagonal cell, is devoid of ecstacy, is as unprovable, and doubtless as improbable, as to say that the human animal mechanism performing his no less geometrical biological function, in strict mechanical obedience to his own chemical nature, is unecstatic.

Why the very opposite is observably true. Wherever they are found fulfilling their functions, whether the humming bird gathers honey or the cats bears kittens, purring through exhaustion, or the thrush warms her eggs, or the leafbud unfolds, there is a visible, or an audible, ecstacy. It is unfortunate for our research statistics that the caterpillar spinning his cocoon so passionately cannot speak English to make a statement of legal or scientific value to prove his pleasure in his fulfilment of function; or the leafbud unfolding cannot purr.

I do not have to hear the bud purring; I simply know. The biologist, it seems to me, who has no way of knowing this, or whose capacity for awareness has so atrophied through his methods of research that he is no longer able to know this, is simply a cripple.

The earth in spring sings an inaudible song. I say this not poetically or metaphorically. It is no anthropomorphism. I believe it literally.

I am moreover conscious of that song although I cannot hear it.

The earth does not sing to me, and is not aware of me.

Because of it I suspect that not only the individual seeds windsown in the soil are fecund; but that the earth itself is somehow living.

Is a star an organism?

Is the universe alive?

I cannot prove that the caterpillar I saw the other day on the walk spinning his cocoon was in a state of ecstacy. All I can state is that he was in a condition of intense activity. Was this activity voluntary on his part or mechanical? It was no less voluntary, no less mechanical, than is the passionate human state, the activity, called love. This is purely involuntary, purely mechanical.

But having discovered that clocks go by clockwork instead of telling the time purely spontaneously, do we revalue their operations?

The bee is as mechanical as the clock. And so are you and I. This very state of mind at the moment, these notions and convictions of mine, and the energy which pours them forth in a statement upon this typewriter of steel wheels and hammers, are totally mechanical.

But what of it?

My admission that I am a machine which cerebrates and suffers glandular rythms does not alter in any way the intensity of my delight in the fulfilments of life. It merely serves a little to explain them.

Yours with permanent affection, Dora,

p. g. s., the editor.

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I'M TEACHING MY BOY TO DEFY ME

. . . . says Lincoln Steffens in an article in this month's "North American Review." And he continues:

Children, like poets and prophets, can greet the sun, formally, in all seriousness. They are, unlike the poets and prophets, humorous; children love to laugh, but not about solemn matters of ritual. It is not playing, it is reality, to run to the window when one wakes up and, throwing back the curtains, say:

"Good morning, Sun. I am glad to see you."

My Pete does that. He makes his sober salutation and, silent, listens for the response.

"What does the sun say, Pete?" I ask, for I cannot really hear the answer any more. He can. He turns to me with satisfaction and tells me:

"The sun says. 'Hello, Pete. I am glad to see you."

If this were pretending, there would be a twinkle in his eye, as there was the other day when he hit me with a rake. To my look of astonishment and injury, he offered me up a smile and explained: "Pete only playing."

Even that was not acceptable until I remembered how, a few days before, I had come up on him suddenly from behind and given him a hug and a spank. It was only a expression of my "mother-love" for him, but his dignity or his feelings were so hurt that I had to explain at once that I had done it only in fun.

"Papa only playing," I had said, and that made it all right with him. Naturally he assumed that the same formula would go with me and a rake.

He had not yet learned—he has not been taught—that he is to do not what I do but what I say. He does not know and I'm not going to tell him that there is one law for the adult law-giver, another for children. And it is no doctrine of mine, but somehow he has inferred that there is a difference between work and play.

The rising sun is the signal that the day's work is begun; for, as he himself has observed, "Pete and the sun go to sleep together, and Pete and sun get up together." Sadly he watches it sink into the night sea; joyously he sees it come up over the morning hills and peep into his window to call him. There is no pagan awe in it, no cave-man's superstition, only the meeting and greeting of equals, playmates, fellow-workers. He welcomes the sun as he does any other visitor, except that there's a thrill of wonder at the coming of the sun.

It's a bit as if, like the poet, like the cave-man, like a grandfather, Pete were not sure as the astronomer is that the sun will rise again and that there will be another day. No joke, this.

Did you ever see a tired child resisting sleep? It's a pitiful, puzzling sight, and I am convinced that it is a tragedy to the child, for now I think I have the key to the puzzle and a relief for the tragedy. When Pete was born, he had a trained maternity nurse, a young English woman with no imagination. At certain regular hours she would whisk the baby away to a darkened room to sleep. Very well. He cried and kicked, but he had to acquire good habits, and regular sleep is a good habit. I let him go. I resented the nurse's professional manner; my imagination went wailing after my struggling child. I used to protest, only half-believing it, that the baby was fighting and afraid for his life—no less.

I remembered darkly how I, as a child, dreaded sleep. It was so long, so lonely. so final; it was the end of all things. And my humble masculine argument with this dominating woman was that Pete had not slept and waked often enough to know the difference between sleep and death: "All he knows," I pleaded weakly, "is that he has just come to life; birth was a painful struggle out of the narrow darkness into the wide light, and now that he has won out and lives and has caught his breath, he does not want—he fiercely fears—to sink back into the blindness of that broken prison: sleep, death, whatever it is."

So I felt it, but the woman sniffed, and I yielded. "Children are woman's business." Bunk. And Pete yielded, too. Women are children's business. His habits formed, he usually slept pretty regularly. Now and then he fought again, as in the beginning; and he was forced to bed regardless. But later, when he was old enough to talk and understand, I hit upon a better way. When it was bedtime, we did not grab him up and carry him off. We finished with him whatever he was doing and then asked him what was next on the programme. He knows and he respects the routine. He would say, reluctantly, that it was time to sleep and he was willing to go to bed; that was fun in a way. There was always a story to be told. But after that—

It was awful. His face expressed his feeling that the end had come. I myself dreaded to leave him so and finally he himself showed me how to bridge over the long night chasm of darkness and vacancy. He said, appealingly:

"Papa, first Pete lie down, then cover up, and then sleep—lots and lots of sleep—and then—?

He looked up expectantly to me and, sure, I got it. He wanted the rest of the programme. He needed to know, on authority, from me, that there was a future, a continuing life—as I did when I was a child of three—and—as I do as a man of sixty-three. The grandfather in me went out to meet the child in my child.

"That's right, Pete. First snuggle down, then cover up warm, then sleep, lots and lots and lots of sleep, and then—"

"Then—?" he urged.

"Then, when the sun wakes up, and you and I—we'll go out and greet the sun, and then—"

"Then—" he breathed eagerly.

"Why, then, we'll go out in the garden and do—wonderful things in the sunshine."

Sometimes he names the wonderful thing he wants to do, sometimes he only repeats the words, "wonderful things," but he is satisfied. And I am satisfied.

We both smile. We have a future and the future is sunny and wonderful.

Books . . .

A NOTE ON JEFFERS

The Irish Statesman, of Dublin, prints an interesting review of Robinson Jeffers' "Roan Stallion." It is signed "Y. O.," who is rather generally known to be "A. E."

"Jeffers has much of the buffalo strength Emerson found in Whitman," writes this poet. "There is no frail diseased beauty in his poetry. Whatever are its virtues or its defects, they are the virtues and defects of vitality, not of sickness. It is a book many will hate. Others will feel reading it as if they had gone back to pre-Promethan humanity before restraint had been laid on the desire through a fire from heaven that would glow only for divine purposes; and they will imagine as they hear Clyemenstra cry out in that antique drama he calls "Tower beyond Tragedy" that they have heard passionate and unrestrained the voice of primeval humanity. It is difficult to find any passage to quote which will give any idea of the ferocious power in some of this poetry. It would be like sniping a few hairs of the Mastadon to give some idea of the strength of the trampler of forests . . . . We are back when we read this terrible drama in a world almost forgotten, of shameless passions, and which are not obscene, because they seem to have their life before obscenity became self-conscious, and shrank from itself and talked in shadows or when it was drunk in pothouses.

". . . Spengler's theory is that every new culture begins with some dark primeval intensities born out of ever-living nature, and from that murky intensity arts, literature, sciences, philosophies, architectures are born, the mood exfoliating itself in a civilization, and then it dies, and out of ever-living nature new moods are born, and as we have had primeval life and civilization and decadence in the past. so we will have them again in the future. It is elemental poetry significant of a new primitive passion, at the root of a new culture, or is it decadence? Europeans will read "The Roan Stallion," "The Tower beyond Tragedy," and other poems, with wonder, many with abhorrence. They are nearing the end of their own culture. Is this what it came out of thousands of years ago, or is it the moral madness they are themselves going to sink into before their civilization perishes?

NO NEW BOOKS

"But there are no books at the library!" they complain. "None of the new books, the best ones, or even best sellers."

We confronted Miss Hortense Berry, head librarian at the Carmel Public Library, with this.

Miss Berry gave a sigh.

"It is not that we haven't those books," she explained. "It's that they go out so fast. During the last month I have accessioned about ninety-seven new books. But what happens? The moment they reach the new-book shelf they are likely to be carried off. We spend about two hundred dollars a month on new books, —and include in the list the best books of the season. But it is discouraging,—they never last long enough on the shelves to be really visible."

The circulation of books last month in the library was exactly 3,333.

RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

Dorsey: Hows and Whys of Human Behavior
Seabury: Growing Into Life
Boeckel: Between War and Peace
Garrett: The Way the World is Going
Filene: The Way Out
Bostwick: Some Principles of Business-like-Conduct in Libraries
Lowe: Public Library Administration
Van Loon: Man the Miracle Maker
Ludwig: Son of Man
Clements: Flowers of Coast and Sierra
Flower Families and Ancestors
Gardner and Ramsey: Handbook of Children's Literature
Gore: New Commentary on Holy Scripture
Dobson: Block Cutting and Print-Making by Hand
Wiggan: Exploring Your Mind
Eddington: The Nature of the Physical World

Juveniles

Milne: Winnie the Pooh
The House at the Pooh Corner
Salten: Bambi
Gag: Millions of Cats
Reichard: Plays for People and Puppets.
Nichols; Cowboy Hugh
Trust a Boy
Cavileer: Model Boy
Coline: Boys book of Model Aeroplanes.
Walde: The Boy Who Found Out
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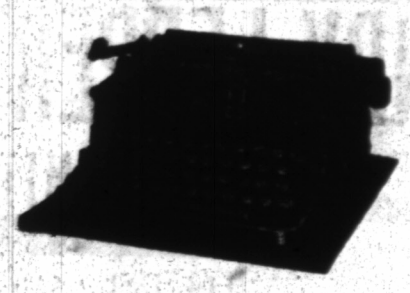
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The Arts . . .

KANDINSKY ON EXHIBIT

The present exhibit of the paintings of Wassili Kandinsky at the Oakland art gallery precipitates intense discussion and tremendous interest,—some of it already reflected in these columns.

Concerning the work of this man we quote from some European criticisms:

from the Berlin "Welt am Abend":
"Kandinsky is a pioneer in art, one of the most important of living artists."

from the Erfurt "Thuringer Allgemeiner Anzeiger":

"Kandinsky . . . the inimitable delicacy of his painting, the inner tensions of his flexible forms and fairy-tale color worlds surpass in their way everything else shown in the exhibition (Der Deutsche Kunstlerbund) in Hanover. The museum Erfurt may consider itself fortunate to possess out of the last period of this master one of the most beautiful of this period."

Floquet in "The Seven Arts," 1929:
"Kandinsky is the painter of pure expression. His painting is a sort of equivalent of a poetic potentiality, always in movement of forms tirelessly captivated and crystallized . . . . Kandinsky is a sparking point, a crossroad . . . His work is a mass of affirmation."

from L'Intransigeant, Paris, 1929:
This painter of Russian origin is one of the most outstanding personalities.

THE KANDINSKY EXHIBIT

(From the report of a young student in Evelyn Mayer's Art Appreciation course at the state teacher's college in San Francisco)

As one enters the door of the Oakland Art Gallery and turns to the right to take a program from the ledge, his eye catches a glimpse of a water-color composition next to the door.

He wonders what on earth the picture can have in it.

This first glance informs him that here are a number of pyramids stacked one on top of the other, and ranging from red violet at the bottom to a blue violet as they proceed upward, almost in the center of the picture. He sees several blue-green pyramids on tops of the others.

He looks more closely. At the left are two crescents. In the lower right hand corner is a black blot. And at the upper right of the pyramids is a light cross. He realizes that there is a streak of grayed yellow background across the bottom of the picture; then one of blue above it; and above that, merging from the blue, a streak of black across the top.

In other words, it is a composition primarily of pyramids and streaks. Number

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Seventeen, "Into Darkness," the catalog informs the observer. "Well, perhaps," he says to himself, and moves on.

As he wanders around to the other side of the room, however, he may chance to look back across. His eye falls upon Number Seventeen, and lo what a change. He sees no pyramids; he sees no black blot; he sees no cross and no crescents.

What he sees in an indescribable something; a path, maybe (it does not matter) leading his eye back into indefinate space; dark space; mysterious space.

He looks through atmosphere.

His curiosity is aroused. The more he looks, the more his imagination is appealed to. He finds himself searching into the darkness for something, he knows not what.

If, as Aristotle says, "the end of all fine art is pleasure", surely Kandinsky, in his "Into Darkness", has attained this end. There is so little in this picture, and yet so much.

The water color entitled "Enmeshed" reminds one of a spider-web about the edges, with something caught in the middle. The well-defined colors are many and gorgeous. There is splendid harmony and unity, except for one thing. Those circles certainly jump out at one. I do find however that the longer I look at the composition, the more the circles become a part of the design; but I haven't time to stay and wait till they crawl back to where they belong."

"Pressure from Above" . . . a weightiness. This composition in reds, pinks, browns, and blacks, with its inverted pyramidal shapes, squares, circles, and straight lines, is full of rythm. One thing carries the eye right on to another; but never, at any time, can these objects resist the pressure of that weight from above. One is not interested in the objects in this composition, but in the emotion it registers.

Of Kandinsky's oils, the one that interests me most is "Heavy Circles." They are circles assuredly, but what circles. They seem more like spheres. The fact that a composition can be made with circles, and remain a perfect unit, an interesting work fascinates me. The more I look at this piece, the more I marvel. There are circles cutting through one another, circles in juxtaposition, and circles off by themselves. There are big and little circles; dark and light circles; yet all, in color and design, are so arranged as constantly to lead the eye back to the yellow one in the center.

On the whole, I thoroughly enjoyed Kandinsky's exhibit. Yet I cannot imagine a house entirely dependent for its picture decoration upon such pictures as these. One or two I would like to own, especially one like "Into Darkness."

—marie fowden

The Garden . . .

TAME FLOWERS OR WILD

Do you like them wild or tame?

Either way, you've been having a feast the last month on the Monterey peninsula. How the tulips and ranunculus and the nemesias have rioted in the gardens; and how the lupine and the poppies, the wild hollyhocks, the mustard and wild radish, have shouted on the hills. O, and the Indian paint-brush, with its more vivid accents; the blue-eyed grass, the wild iris. And the rarer colonies of fairy lantern; the occasional survivals of yellow violet and shooting star.

Do you know them all by name? They aren't completely your friends until you do. A tramp in the fields is much more interesting when you can greet them personally, and know the small bits of gossip about them,—their preferences and their antipathies.

Eunice Gray's "Cross Trails and Chaparral" contains lots of interesting chat about them; or you will readily find most of them in Mary Elizabeth Parsons' "Wildflowers of California," or Margaret Armstrong's Western Wild Flowers." The botanists bible is, of course, Jepson, and in a new edition, rather strong food for the layman.

One wild flower of very wide distribution, which is stunning in cultivation, is the Blazing Star, Mentzelia, on stems two feet high, the blossom a fine clear yellow three inches across, with masses of long stamens. In wild flower plantation, it makes lovely contrast with the smaller-flowered, lower plants.

This spring we're missing from Carmel our chief wild-flower-lover, Mrs. Rowntree, who is still in the south. But her wild-flower catalog lists three hundred seeds, and makes an excellent reference supplement. She has been asked to leave some of these references at the Garden Shop and at the Village Book Shop. where they may be had for the asking.

We are hearing a good deal about the municipal garden of Monterey. Go with an eye of faith, and overlook the generous amount of wire on display at present. Beauty will come after the climbing roses have covered it. The bush roses, however, are already beginning to show themselves gloriously. Certain varieties are in full bloom; others still in bud. In another week or ten days they will all be out. They are excellently labelled for taking notes.

Darwin tulips are long-stemmed and wonderful this year. Use Valentive (purple) Pride of Harlem (rich crimson red) Bronze Queen; Clara Butt (salmon pink) and Mrs. Moon, pointed-petalled, pale yellow,—and you will have the most gracious of their kind. Seed Virginia stocks, a gay little pale-colored flower on three-inch stems, as carpet for them all.

—Helen Deusner

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FOR SALE: By owner. The Rowntree tree house in Carmel Highlands. Stucco house; tile roof. Ocean view. and planting.
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FOR RENT: Monterey Heights, exclusive neighborhood. Two story house, furnished. First class condition. Three bedrooms, large closets in each. Kitchen and lobby and garage for three cars. Big lot, boarded fence. Light, water both hot and cold. All in first class condition. Part janitor service included. Rental seventy-five dollars monthly. References. Address—952 Hellam street, Monterey Heights.

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REVOLUTIONARY DIET

"And what do you eat in Ireland?" asked his hostess at dinner of O'Malley, the Irish revolutionary, who has lived through violent and unbelievable hardships, and still carries five British bullets in his body.

"What we eat?" said O'Malley, surveying the repast that moment spread out before him, "well, to tell you the truth, in Ireland we don't eat at all."

ABANDONMENT OF THE VIEWPOINT

The object sits there and you look at it. You sit in one position and at one spot and you look at it.

Is this a way to see it?

No.

To see it one must abandon the single viewpoint and look at it from every point in the surrounding circumferences. Nay, from every point in all the surrounding circumferences; which means from every point in the circumscribed sphere.

From all distances and nearnesses.

To look at it from one point is to see it with limitations that must amount to a prejudice.

"From my point of view" is simply a way of saying "within the limitations of my prejudices."

SCHOOL BOND ELECTION NOTICE

Notice is hereby given to the qualified electors of SUNSET School District of the County of Monterey, State of California, that in accordance with the provisions of the Political Code of the State of California, an election will be held on the 14th day of MAY 1929, at SUNSET DISTRICT SCHOOL HOUSE in said District between the hours of eight o'clock a. m. and eight o'clock p. m., during which period and between which hours the polls shall remain open, at which election the question of issuing and selling bonds of said district to the amount of Thirty-five Thousand and No 100 Dollars, for the purpose of raising money for purchasing school lots, for building or purchasing one or more school buildings, for making alterations and additions to any school building or buildings, for insuring school buildings, for supplying school buildings with furniture and necessary apparatus , and for improving the school grounds of said Sunset School District will be voted upon. Twenty-eight bonds thereunder to be issued and sold shall be of the denomination of One Thousand Dollars each, and Fourteen of such bonds shall be of the denomination of Five Hundred Dollars each, and shall bear interest at the rate of Five per cent per annum, payable semi-annually, and said bonds shall be numbered from 1 to Forty-two consecutively, inclusive, payable as follows:

Two bonds of the denomination of $1,000 each and one bond of the denomination of $500.00 shall be due and payable each year for fourteen consecutive years commencing in the year 1930, and shall be so paid each year in consecutive numerical order until all of said forty-two bonds have been fully paid.

That Byron G. Newell will act as Inspector and Elizabeth Sullivan and Shirley Watson will act as Judges of said Election, and conduct the same, said Inspector and Judges being competent and qualified electors of said School District.
IN WITNESS THEREOF, We have hereunto set our hands this 15th day of April, 1929.

HESTER HALL SCHOENINGER
CLARA N. KELLOGG
FREDERICK BIGLAND

Trustees of Sunset School District, Monterey County, California.

WAITING

Waiting I was for you where the flowers are all abloom,
Poppies of deep orange hue and golden yellow-broom.
And along came a tiny finch and piped his little strain,
But when he did not find his mate, he flew away again.
And I thought, 'I'm luckier than you; mine will be here soon.

Waiting I was for you where the grass is green and high,
Old, gnarly pine-trees are growing near by.
And wild doves came, a pair, cooed, and flew away.
Perched on a dead pine limb, cooed, and flew away.
And I thought, 'Fly along, you doves, her step has frightened you.'

But no! Your step it was not; and I waited, weary and sad,
Thinking I was of all I missed, and of the little I had.
And I heard your light footfall in everything that stirred,
But each time it was a mouse, a lizard, or a bird.
And I thought, 'What is all this to me, while she stays away!'

And waiting I was, waiting. There came a black cat
From under a poison-oak shrub, and stopped where I sat.
She was the kind that feasts on birds, a cat right vicious and base,
She looked at me with sort of a grin all over her cattish face.
That was the end of my waiting; I knew you would not come that day.

—August C. Mahr.

OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD

The Irish dramatic movement is vigorous, and it may be interesting to compare the activities of Dublin with those of an American city,—say San Francisco.

Dublin has four commercial theaters, producing revues, detective and crime plays, operas, and an occasional good show. Another theater, the Abbey, produces a different play each week during a season of eight months. Sunday and Monday nights this theater is rented to dramatic societies. Its new experimental theater The Peacock is used during the week for group and society work. The Abbey may thus be said to be the nucleus of the Dublin Little Theater movement.

The Peacock was built because groups were dissatisfied with the type of play produced in the larger theater. It was felt that too much attention had been given to the "peasant" play, and to work that was well-established. The Abbey had frequently broken new ground in its productions, yet younger groups wished to experiment with plays which would otherwise not be shown in Dublin. Recently a Gate Theater Studio has been organized to produce (every two weeks) during the winter season, plays of international repute, like "The Hairy Ape," "Peer Gynt," "Salambo," "Anna Christie." Last year the Abbey produced plays by Irish dramatists, Synge, Sean O'Casey, Oscar Wilde, Bernard Shaw, by Jules Romains, Tchevok, Euripides, Sophocles. The Peacock presented plays of Carl Capek, George Kaiser, Schnitzler, St. Vincent Millay.

The Drama League, which stages eight plays a year, gave us Pirandello, Strindberg, James Elroy Flecker, Eugene O'Neill, Andrev, Jacinto Benevente. There is a Jewish dramatic society which started its first season with "The Dybbuk."

The Abbey has maintained a good tradition of acting, and has shown little inclination to "play down" in its productions. The prices are unlike American prices; so is the audience. The dearest seats costs five and sixpence the cheapest, one and threepence. Working men and women comprise half the audience. Among the others are students and a sprinkling of wealthy people who come to be amused or to be seen.

The theater is friendly and personal. The audience in the Pit is interesting, and very different from that of a Drama League performance when the expensive seats are tenanted by people who wander around between the intervals, travelling snowballs to other people's ideas. Here in the Pit can be heard shrewd, sturdy, individual comment and criticism. The usher in the rear knows most of the plays by heart, and is ever ready to correct a faulty line.

—E. O'Malley

(Mr. O'Malley is president of the Dramatic Society in Dublin University. Editor.)

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